

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense.  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Courper.*

Vol. 8.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1875.

No. 3.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

TERMS:

\$1.00 per annum, in advance. Postage FREE to all parts of the United States.

Articles for the paper, and subscriptions, may be sent to the Secretary.

### RATES OF MEMBERSHIP:

Active Life, . . . . \$100 00	Associate Annual, . . \$5 00
Associate Life, . . . 50 00	Children's, . . . . . 1 00
Active Annual, . . . 10 00	Branch, . . . . . 1 00

All Members receive "Our Dumb Animals" free, and all Publications of the Society.

GEORGE T. ANGELL, . . . . . President.  
GREGORY S. CURTIS, . . . . . Treasurer.  
FRANK B. FAY, . . . . . Secretary.  
CHARLES A. CURRIER, . . . . . Special Agent.

OFFICE OF THE SOCIETY:

186 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

A Thousand Little Children Loved them.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

When I was a little woman of six years, and, like others of my own age, always in search of something new, I found a pretty garnet, bright and pointed, in a ledge of rocks, and proceeded to jam my thumb and spoil a chisel in getting it out, which I did, but it was "smashed all to pieces." In doing this piece of work, I saw a small silverish-colored streak upon the rock. I dropped my hammer and followed the silver thread here and there, zigzag, along the ledge, to see what it could mean, half surmising I had hit upon a silver mine. At last I found what it meant.

Coiled up in his shell, I found a snail, and my mother had often spoken, in my presence, of thrifless people who carried all they had in the world upon their backs, like the snail, and now I had a snail all to myself,—my snail,—and I thought it rather nice to have nothing to worry about. If he

did carry his house on his back, it was a pretty house, of a pale brown, very thin, and as he had anchored himself upon a bed of moss, nothing could look more cosy. I laid my head down on the soft moss, and watched him as he kept his door shut, and lived all to himself under the green trees. It didn't seem so bad; and when he pushed aside his little oval door, and put out some delicate fingers, and began to move aside his house, I saw he was going out to make a visit, for he joined a neighborhood of snails hard by, who seemed better content saluting each other by little tips of their houses, than if they owned half a dozen rooms, all to be swept and dusted. I found several empty shells, and had no doubt some lovely creatures had perished and been mourned for.

Another thing the little woman (that's I) thought. I had found the snail by the silvery path he left behind him. He had left his trace as he went, and the thought grew in my young head till it was too big for it, that there is nothing hidden in this world. As I thought, it seemed to me that every beetle was lumbering along with a burden of tattle, the grasshopper was trying to tell about his Cousin Katy, who did something she tried to hide by declaring Katy didn't do it, while all the envious chatters cried out, "Katy did." Then the cricket stared his eyes wide, and chirped out something very sweet, which the locust took up and sent it flying with such a screech you might have heard it a mile, and not the least like what cricket had said; and red bugs, and lady-bugs, with black spots on their backs, where they carried their children, came along, and all the bugs were playing jokes upon her, and singing, in ridicule of her airs,—

"Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,  
Your house is on fire, your children will roam;"

but she took the matter quietly, and didn't start till she had a good chance to show her silk dress under her stiff waterproof. So many eyes, such busy feet, such gorgeous wings, so many voices, all gathered around the little woman (that's I), that a deep awe grew upon her, and she knelt down under the great trees, and felt so near to God, that when she said, "I will leave only beautiful traces behind me," it seemed as if she spoke to a dear, smiling Father, who has always, and forever since, been very near to her.

The little woman went on talking to the flowers that came out in their blue and gold to see her, and the birds that picked berries close to her feet;

and she next found where the squirrel had been, and left his trace in a heap of shells, beech-nuts and acorns, the heart of which would be his dinner and supper all winter long; and just then the squirrel whisked his bushy tail close to her face, and went chattering up the tree.

Next was a bridge of silk from the maple on the rock to the beech-tree below, and that showed that a spider had swung himself across. Everything leaves its track behind it, thought little I; and here sits Mr. Spider in the midst of his web, like a king in his castle; and here is a fly-wing, and there a fly-leg, showing the work of Mr. Spider; and there, hung up to dry in the sun, is Father-long-legs, poor old Father-long-legs!

"Old Father-long-legs wouldn't say his prayers,  
Take him by his hind leg and throw him down stairs."

It's all over with him now, though why he wouldn't say his prayers, I do not understand.

Here goes a miller right into Mr. Spider's web, and he will be hung up to dry.

"Millery, Millery, musty pole,  
How many bags of wheat have you stole?  
One of wheat and two of rye,  
I'll tell you the other by and by."

I suppose that is, when I carry my grist to mill, he'll take what he likes.

Then a grasshopper flew into my hand, and I held him fast, singing,—

"Grasshopper, grasshopper, grasshopper gray  
Give me some molasses and I'll let you fly away."

Which he did, leaving an ugly black daub on my fingers, and I said, "I do not like the mark you leave, old fellow; nothing but the stalks of the leaves and a black mark."

Next, the little woman saw a glossy green leaf as it poked its head out of a bed of moss, and she turned the moss aside to find it all laced with a golden thread, out of which jumped a spotted lizard, which shrugged his shoulders and crooked his neck to stare at little I (or me) with its bright eyes.

"You have nothing to do but look beautiful," I said, and then I grew with a new glad some thought that sometimes beauty is enough of itself, looking right from God's face to ours, without labor, like the flowers, and that is why we grow content, and why we love most what seems most without use. Then the little woman rested her head upon the bed of moss, and it seemed to her she saw a ladder as it were ascending into the

heavens—way above the trees—off, off into the blue sky, and on the steps of this ladder she saw all the creatures she had seen in the forest rising upwards, and a thousand, thousand little children, who had loved them, and thought heaven would be lonely and cold and dull without them, were caressing them, and playing bo-peep with them, and her little sister who had died was chasing butterflies, and had flowers in her hair.

The little woman slept a long sleep, there under the great, solemn trees, and when she was found and carried home, the stars were out, but she never, never from that day to this lost sight of the beautiful ladder upon which all things of the earth ascend therefrom to heaven.

#### Geese Full of Fun.

A goose has perhaps the keenest appreciation of humor of any animal, unless it be her own arch enemy the fox. The writer once saw in a little grassy paddock some eight or ten fat and healthy pigs and half a score of geese. From this paddock a narrow, open gate gave entrance into the farm-yard, and, as evening drew on, the geese ranged themselves in a row near this Thermopylae. Obviously, supper-time was approaching, and the pigs wished to return home to their troughs. Equally clearly the geese had given each other the word not to let them pass through the gate which they guarded without paying toll. First there came up a jolly, good-humored little pig, who trotted cheerfully along with a confidence which ought to have disarmed criticism, till he came among the geese. Then with a cackle and a scream, every neck was stretched to get a bite at him, and, squalling and yelling, the poor little porker ran the gantlet. The same fate befel six or seven more of his brethren in succession, each betraying increasing trepidation as he approached the fatal pass, and made a bolt through the *corps de garde* of geese, whose chattering and screeches of delight were almost undistinguishable from human laughter. At last the biggest pig of the party brought up the rear. He was a pink-fleshed, clean young fellow, with fat limbs and sides, and his ears were cocked, and his tail sharply twisted in the intelligent wide-awake manner which so completely distinguished the intellectual pig from the mere swine multitude. With a loud grunt of defiance, this brave beast charged through the flock of geese, and had actually almost gained the gate, when a large gray goose made one grab at his fat ham, caught up the skin in a bunch and gave it a tremendous pinch with her red beak. Needless to say the air was rent with the squeals of agony of the injured pig and the ecstatic peans of the whole of the flock of geese in chorus. From the order in which the transaction took place, we derive the impression that a similar game of Prisoner's Base probably formed the entertainment of the geese every evening.—*Frances Power Cobbe.*

#### Pee-Wee.

On the tree above our heads a solitary bird sits and sings a sort of melancholy "pee-wee," and we wonder whether it is a love-note or an elegy; for life is so mixed that we humans laugh and cry with scarcely an interval, and who shall tell whether our little feathered friend is wooing or wailing a mate? He seems alone. We have watched him all the morning, and have imagined that he and his bride have started from the South in search of northern woods and grass for their summer home. Some one perchance has shot his mate; chilling April winds seem colder to him than ever before; and he is half inclined to go back instead of forward. We pity the poor bird, and speak kindly to him. But our little wanderer still sings his "pee-wee, pee-wee." He has gone, now—farther north perhaps, but from the bottom of our heart we wish he had turned back, and that sunny skies may comfort his sad heart.—*Gardiner Journal.*

EXEMPLIFYING duty does more than explaining it.—*Rowland Hill.*

#### Blisses not Caught in Nets.

True worth is in being, not seeming—  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in the dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by.  
For whatever men say in blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There's nothing so kindly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—  
We cannot do wrong and feel right,  
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,  
For injustice avenges each slight.  
The air for the wing of the sparrow,  
The bush for the robin and wren,  
But always the path that is narrow  
And straight for the children of men.

We cannot make bargains for blisses,  
Nor catch them like fishes in nets;  
And sometimes the thing our life misses  
Helps more than the thing which it gets.  
For good lieth not in pursuing,  
Nor gaining of great nor of small,  
But just in the doing, and doing  
As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating,  
Against the world, early and late,  
No jot of our courage abating—  
Our part is to work and to wait.  
And slight is the sting of his trouble  
Whose winnings are less than his worth;  
For he who is honest is noble,  
Whatever his fortune or birth.

—Selected.

#### The Right to Kill Animals.

What chiefly perpetuates cruelty to animals, and hinders the attempt to fix any ideas as to their rights? We must probably answer, The belief that their lives may at any time be taken for our small convenience. Men assume without debate, without a moment's serious thought, that brutes have no right to life if their life interfere with our slightest whim. Not only my hunger, or danger of starvation, but the needless gratification of my palate, passes as a sufficient reason for killing a wild bird or beast. The like may be said, not only if I need the hide or the down to save me from perishing by cold, but if I covet its feathers as an ornament, or its horns or tusks for the market. Thus the principle is laid down that its life is of less importance than my emptiest pleasures, and this, even if in killing it I produce widespread distress to the living. Amateur butchers are clumsy; much cruelty arises from wounding without killing. Law cannot forbid cruelties in detail, if it allow indiscriminate slaughter. Hearts are hardened by custom, and thus the evil spreads.

Evil it must be called; yet to establish fixed principles that shall guide conduct rightly is no light task. Much combination of earnest minds will be wanted. The Bramins aspired to a high morality in refusing to take brute life at all; though in self-defence we must be in permanent war with the more powerful carnivora and with countless tribes of insects. The first step towards a just theory seems to be a rightful classification of animals into different grades, on which their rights must depend.

Animals who have feelings as sensitive as ours have a claim upon us to respect those feelings. All warm-blooded creatures, at least, are here included. Those who have equal animal sensitivity, whether it be two men or a man and a horse, stand here on the same footing. And as regards animal slaughter, the inference is, that if you must kill a horse (for whatever reason), or if it be a tiger or a shark that you need to kill, you should kill him tenderly; that is, you must inflict as little pain as possible.—*Newman.*

WE can hardly learn humility and tenderness enough except by suffering.—*George Eliot.*

#### Swallows.

A careful observer of birds says: I spent a great part of my leisure in watching a pair of swallows which I found to be as reflective as skillful. Their nest, under a projecting roof of a barn, was nearly completed when they suddenly stopped, left it, and began another under the same projecting roof, but in a different place. At first I could not understand why they did this; but upon close examination I found that there was a space between two boards, just over the first nest, through which the dust sifted from the hay that rested upon them, and which would doubtless inconvenience the household arrangements of the swallow family.

Generally, house swallows leave but one small space open for their ingress and egress, a necessary precaution against storms and wind; but this pair of swallows, for some reason or other, left their nest open. When the young swallows had grown large and strong enough they often came to the edge of the nest to await the arrival of their parents. It was pleasing to see the anxious father and mother drive them back from their dangerous position and finally fill in the opening so that the young ones could no longer come to the border of the nest.

The service rendered to man by this little bird, in destroying gnats, flies, wasps, moths, etc., is almost incredible. I became so much interested in my swallows that I took note of their ways and doings day after day. I found that each swallow flew to the nest with food at least once in three minutes; thus, by calculation, as they worked from 4 A. M. to 8 P. M., fifteen hours, and brought food to their young twenty times an hour, they must have come 600 times, thereby destroying 600 insects. Without doubt each parent bird consumed 100, making in the whole 800 in one day. In one month, 24,000. The first month, when the pair were alone, they consumed 6,000.

Now, according to my observation, a family of seven swallows will consume 102,000 insects in the course of one summer; viz., 6,000 in part of April and May, and 96,000 in the other summer months.

Now, let us suppose that one hundred pairs of swallows come to a village in the spring; they and their families alone, allowing one brood to each, would destroy 10,200,000 insects. From this calculation it is easy to see that the dear little birds bring joy, blessing and peace to the families under whose roofs they build. L. B. U.

#### Lovers and Haters of Cats.

The human race may be divided into people who hate cats and people who adore them; the neutrals being few in number, and, for intellectual and moral reasons, not worth considering. Such, at least, we may suppose to be the view of those grimalkin rabbis who hold that the earth and man were created for cats.

This division takes place early in life. Even in short clothes one boy will stone the sweetest kitten, while another will coddle the rustiest and crustiest tommy. A Hindoo might suggest the explanation, that in some previous state of existence the first urchin had been a dog and the second a cat; but not having been born in India, I feel at liberty to reject the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. I am quite as much inclined to attribute this diversity to predestination; I mean, of course, a predestination arising from some innate peculiarity of the sensibilities.

The distinction in question not only comes early in life, but it comes for good. I never knew a cat-hater to be converted from the error of his ways in mature years; nor did I ever know a cat-fancier who was permitted to fall from his beautiful faith. But here a moral discrimination must be made: there are those who pet pussy to please themselves; there are others who pet him to give him a pleasure. The true cat-lover is he whose object is, not to feel the soft fur or to watch the diverting gambols, but to make the animal happy.—*Atlantic.*



[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*The Lamb and its Dead Mother.*

In one of my rambles on the steep slope of Mount Kearsarge, in a forest too dense and dark for undergrowth, I was surprised to see a half-grown lamb standing on a little mound, probably a rock covered with decaying leaves and moss. After eyeing me for a moment with a very sorrowful, dejected expression, it turned its head the other way, towards what I saw was the remains of a sheep, near by.

Under ordinary circumstances, a lamb, suddenly startled, will run and bleat for his dam; but this lamb, from first to last, was perfectly mute. I said to myself, "This lamb is watching over the remains of its mother, remembering the past, and expecting her to rise again. Here, alone, nearly a mile away from its former playmates, it keeps its solitary watch." I tried to approach nearer to the lamb to caress it, but it moved on as fast as I approached. On a careful examination of the remains, I concluded it must have lain there three or four weeks, during which time the crows or animals had nearly cleaned the bones. The mound bore evidence that it had been the bed and stand of the lamb for weeks, while watching night and day. To get food it must have gone some distance to cleared land; but that it was very constantly on watch I learned by finding it always on its stand in my daily visits afterward.

Probably this sheep died from a cold taken after shearing, as thousands have done. Would that farmers would take better care of their sheep during cold storms, after shearing! J. W. B.

*Humanity for Dumb Animals.*

The "California Farmer," after reading an account of our last Fair, gives the result of each table, makes some extracts from our paper, and thus expresses its kindly interest:—

"'Ugly as a dog,' 'sly as a cat,' 'slow as a cow,' 'deaf as a horse,' 'mean as a brute,' 'selfish as a hog.'"

"These have been the common expressions of adult mankind before little children for long years, and for centuries; then can it be wondered at that the youth of the land have grown up to look upon all the lower order of God's creation as beneath them, and only made to be overworked and to be abused, and often cruelly murdered or made the food of man?"

"Thank Heaven, light is breaking. Humanity breathes forth a nobler gush, and, hearing the authority of the Creator of all things that speaks to man, saying, have *dominion* over all creation, a new *inspiration* is given, and we progress to a higher order of humanity."

"We wish we could give the names of the noble ladies who presided at the various tables, and of many other noble workers in this noble cause; but our space prevents, and it might be invidious where all were so noble. We rejoice in this good work in good old Massachusetts—God bless her and our native county, 'old Middlesex,' that 'triumph' spot where the blood of the sons of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill was poured out as baptismal blood for 'Freedom'!—and now, after our nation is freed from the curse of human slavery,—every bond broken,—we see that blood ripening in its humanity for those who cannot speak, 'our dumb animals.'"

"We give a few extracts from the excellent work published by the Boston society called 'OUR DUMB ANIMALS,' which clearly reveals that though dumb animals cannot always speak, they can think, feel, sing, and prove grateful and faithful to all who treat them kindly; and it should be one of the first of duties of parents to teach their children to be kind to all God's creatures in the animal creation."

CHARACTER is the eternal temple that each one begins to rear, yet death only can complete. The finer the architecture, the more fit for the indwelling of angels.

*The Empty Nest.*

BY HENRY C. L. HASKELL.

I am sitting by the window,  
Where the breezes kiss my brow;  
Near by me, just within my reach,  
Upon an apple-bough,  
Is a nest, where, but a week ago,  
Three little birdlings lay;  
But to-day the nest is empty,  
And the birds have flown away.

When I looked from out the window,  
To see if they were there,  
No bird was on the apple-bough,—  
The little nest was bare.  
But I think that in the chorus  
Of the summer morn, I may  
Hear the voices, 'mid the singing  
Of the birds that flew away.

In our hearts sometimes we cherish  
Fancies, O, so rich and rare,  
Till it seems that mortal never  
Dreamed a dream more sweetly fair;  
But we wake at length some morning  
With a boding fear oppressed,  
Find the birds we love have flitted,  
And our hearts the empty nest.

They have flown, but often after,  
In the anthem clear and strong  
Of Time's onward march, we listen,  
And we hear a pleasant song.  
And through all the after journey  
Let change come as it may,  
The nest will seem the brighter  
For the birds that flew away.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*A Blind Trout.*

While visiting the trout-house at Profile Lake, N. H., my attention was directed to a blind trout. I inquired of the keeper how he ascertained the fact. He replied, "I first observed that the fish would occasionally strike the sides of the house, and that it kept aloof from the others." Of course all the food it could get was by feeling for it, and the poor trout had but a small chance among so many hungry ones that could see. His misfortune, instead of inducing the keeper to destroy it as worthless, has led him to care specially for it, and he told me he had become much attached to it. He feeds it by placing pieces of meat on the end of a long stick and touching the fish near its mouth, when it immediately takes the meat. The fish plainly shows the effects of the man's loving care, being large, and in a splendid condition. You are so often called upon to notice cruelty, that I thought you might like to have this instance of kindness to one of the smallest of God's creatures. S. H. K.

*The Bird and the Lady.*

The Paris "True Kentuckian" says: "In the suburbs of Paris, last Sunday, while a young lady was sitting near the window, a blackbird came and lighted on the veranda. Noticing it was in no hurry to leave, she commenced talking to it, and being rather of a poetic turn of mind, recited Poe's Raven, when it flew in at the window and lighted on her foot. It sat there awhile, then hopped into her lap and appeared very gentle, commenced picking at her fingers and catching flies. Perched upon her arm she brought it down stairs. It showed no signs of fear, but would eat out of her hand, or, sitting in the window, catch flies as they came around. After amusing the children awhile, and seemingly being amused by them, it hopped out of the window, looked around a few minutes, then flew away, and has not been seen since."

NEVER turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Pretty Polly.*

"Pretty Polly," as she was pleased to call herself, was quite a plain bird, really, and was a fellow-boarder with me in my younger days. She was but a common South American parrot, with pale green and yellow plumage, and trimmings of white about the eyes, beak and feet; but she was a great talker. The old lady who boarded us, and her two daughters, were also talkers, and proved constant examples for the parrot, and Polly improved them diligently. She was a deep student and thinker. She would sit, hour after hour, in her cage on the table, by the side of her mistress, and listen to the conversation going on with the most interested air possible, without saying a word, and then she would break out with some new words, or harp away on the old ones, shrieking with laughter, whistling like a stable-boy, or singing snatches of tunes. She knew two tunes almost entire,—one of which was "Old Hundred," and the other wasn't,—and never hesitated about singing them when asked. "Old Hundred" was her favorite; and, as she sung, she would close her eyes, in a sort of solemn manner, and seem absorbed by the melody. The other tune bore the unepithetous name of "Puppy Harslet,"—a lively ditty,—which she would dance to, the whole of the first part of which she would sing, but got confused in the last, and run off into a jumble of shrill sounds. She knew everything that was transpiring, and would bring in her remarks so patly that it seemed positively as if there were reason in her speech. Every familiar sound would be made by her. She would imitate the tearing of cloth, the whetting of a knife, the winding up of a clock, the running of water, the sawing of wood,—anything,—while all the house-calls, practised by the womenkind, were repeated vigorously. She was the cause of great offence to two good ladies in a tenement on the same floor as ours, whose voices were sharp and peculiar. They were accustomed to scream at each other from different parts of their house, and Polly would imitate them so exactly that it was hard to distinguish betwixt them. They at last gave up their rooms, rather than be insulted by that parrot. Polly was a great favorite, but she was fearfully noisy, and on this fact is based the incident I here relate, which shows my early temper and her memory. Coming home one day at noon, I found Polly in the full ecstasy of noise, screaming like a maniac. As the old lady said, "We couldn't hear our own ears," and soon patience gave out. I seized the cage and threw it violently into the corner, saying, in an angry tone, "Stay there!" She became perfectly still, and continued so while I was in the house. Before I went away I spoke to her, but she deigned me no reply. I did not see her again till the next morning, when she was equally silent; but when I came to my dinner at noon, on opening the door, she greeted me, in my own loud, angry voice, with "Stay there!" I tried to conciliate her with nuts and raisins, but I practised my blandishments in vain, and she maintained this hostility to the last. She showed the same amiability to others as formerly, but I was her *bête noir*, and no other greeting would she give me. Though she was but a bird, I felt sincerely ashamed of myself for offending, and sorry that I had lost her friendship. Her "stay there!" was a constant rebuke for my bad temper, and it may have helped mould my disposition to its present perfection. She committed suicide two years afterwards by eating green paint, and was buried with honors, amid the sincere grief of the family, and the following epitaph did justice to her virtues:—

Unmarred by human vice or folly,  
Here lies the form of "Pretty Polly,"  
Who did, in all, the best she knew:  
Scoffer, can this be said of you?

B. P. S.

ONE reason why the world is not reformed is, because every man would have others make a beginning, and never thinks of himself.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, August, 1875.

*Animals Only.*

Frequent calls are made upon us to take hold of various reforms in which our friends are interested. But we desire to confine our work to the protection of animals, and through that to make men better, because more humane. Cases of cruelty to children, to men and women, should be referred to the police and other legal authorities, or to managers of charitable institutions. Individually we sympathize with all these movements, but as a society our hands are full of our specialty.

*Hunting Matches.*

Every season, in this State, some grown men find pleasure in a contest for killing the greater number of small animals in a single day. Sometimes thousands are destroyed during one "hunt." We hope our agents will apprise such people of their liability to fine for killing each and every undomesticated bird, with a few exceptions. Last year a clergyman led one of these companies. Perhaps on the next Sabbath he preached upon the text, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without his notice."

*Watering-Troughs.*

How many have been erected in Massachusetts during the last year? Our agent at Rockland writes that there are three there within a distance of three miles, costing the town not more than seventy dollars. What other towns have taken action?

We hope our agents will urge this matter this summer.

*Hog Check.*

What sense there is in this attachment to the harness we cannot see. There is neither grace nor beauty, and it is more cruel than the old style of check-rein. It does seem strange that men and women will follow fashion when it gives nobody comfort. But horsemen, like other men, adopt new fashions, not certainly because they love their animals.

This new invention not only draws cruelly upon the jaw of the horse, but upon the top of the head, producing a pressure that must be painful, and may be injurious. We hope the fashion will only last one season.

Do you think about leaving your horse to stand in a draught, when heated? Men and women, after a rapid walk, soon begin to "feel chilly," when sitting where the wind blows upon them, and at once, if prudent, procure a shawl or coat. Avoid a draught for your horses as well as yourself. It increases the comfort and prolongs the life of the animal.

Don't throw bottles, nails, or pieces of glass into the street. Thousands of horses have been injured by the thoughtless practice. Boys in stores should think of this when "sweeping out" in the morning.

Do you think to raise your horse's collar and let the neck cool off, or bathe the shoulders in cool water after a drive?

*The Influence of the Clergy.*

In this country no class of men have so great influence in the progress of opinion, especially on humane subjects, as the clergy. We have waited, not always patiently, for the development of an earnest advocacy of our subject from the pulpit. Year by year our hopes are *partially* realized.

We give below the opinions and action of religious bodies, and we may add that we frequently hear of sermons preached in our State, commending due consideration for animals, and inviting cooperation with this and kindred societies.

Six hundred English clergymen preached on the subject in a single year. "This is the subject," says the Rev. Dr. Magill, one of the most eminent divines of the Church of England, "worthy of any sanctuary; a cause that lies close to the heart of Him in whose honor temples are reared and pinnacles pierce the sky; a cause for pulpit or platform, or that more sacred place, whose door you close when, on your knees, you meditate upon your sins and your Saviour."

The Congregational clergymen at Pilgrim Hall, in Boston, passed the following resolutions:—

*Resolved*, That, in our judgment, the prevention of cruelty to dumb animals is a work entitled to the sympathy of Christian men and women.

*Resolved*, That there is special need of reform in the treatment of animals that supply us with food.

*Resolved*, That there is special need of humane education for the protection of animals; and that this is a subject eminently worthy of discussion in our educational and Sunday-school conventions, and elsewhere.

*Resolved*, That we heartily approve of the work, and commend it to the consideration and cooperation of all Christian and humane people.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at Buffalo, passed the following resolution:—

"This General Assembly do earnestly recommend their ministers and members everywhere to aid in the good work, to sustain and defend these societies engaged in this noble reform, and that they offer constant prayers to the Holy Dove, the Spirit of God, for his tender influence to inspire the hearts of men with mercy, and to the Lamb of God, the Head of the Church, to hasten the day when his own gentle and loving nature shall be given to all men, and the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

*Is there no Better Way?*

Prof. Hitchcock, in giving instruction how to secure specimens for a Natural History Cabinet, says:—

"In selecting the shells of animals, it is always desirable to secure the live specimen, if possible. The occupant should be allowed to die by exposing him to the element foreign to his healthy growth, and then removing him as soon as decomposition sets in. Shells should not be put in hot water. Shells with their occupants are often to be desired. Such specimens may be preserved in jars in half alcohol and water, or weak rum or whiskey. Most insects are best preserved by impaling with a common toilet-pin. Their death may be hastened by scattering a few drops of benzine or naphtha on the board underneath them, to which they are pinned. When dead and dry they should be pinned inside a box in which camphor is placed."

Would it not be possible to destroy the lives of the animals with chloroform, thereby saving them from the pain of "dying by exposure," or of being "impaled on a pin?" The struggles of an animal, when impaled, seem to indicate suffering (!) and if this can be avoided, even the most insignificant is entitled to such protection even from scientists.

Ed.

HAVE you examined your horses' feet, to see if the hostler gives them proper care?

*Animals in Transit.*

Some cruelty is, we admit, almost incidental to the traffic in live-stock; but it need not be so abominable as that which is tolerated in the trade by sea. The secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in the letter to which we have already referred, states that he had an interview with a gentleman who had recently imported a cargo of cattle from Texas, who assured him, that even in voyages occupying from thirty to forty days, animals may be conveyed on board ship without cruelty and without loss, if the ships be provided with proper appointments. It is right, however, to say that since this letter appeared in the "Times" we have received information to the effect that the system alluded to therein is not always successful, and that quite recently several animals died on board one of the ships in question in their transit from America to our shores; still there may have been special circumstances attending the latter case, unknown to us, which might account in whole or in part for the mortality. Another correspondent of the "Times" also, writing to that paper in April last, gave an account of the system adopted for the conveyance of cattle from Oporto, the result of which was so satisfactory that when the final Portugal ox was landed at Thames Haven or Southampton he was as fresh as when he was shipped on board. If this kind of treatment can be successfully and economically pursued in long voyages, there is no excuse for the brutality which, despite the assurances of the Duke of Richmond, we fear too often attends the transit of cattle in comparatively short passages, such as those from Ireland or Antwerp to this country.—*Field*.

*Shipments of Live Cattle for Liverpool.*

We notice that the steamer San Marcos, now loading at this port, is to take out to Liverpool a lot of cattle, comprising in all 150 head. They are to come from the West, and we are informed that the best cattle in the market have been purchased, costing about \$100 per head in Chicago. The owner came over in the San Marcos to superintend the transaction, and we learn that he is in treaty for another shipment by the steamer Lord Clive. This is a business that is susceptible of being greatly increased, and besides furnishing cargo for steamers at this port, it affords a large market for our stock-dealers of the West. There is no doubt that the cattle will meet with a ready sale in the Liverpool market, and will command the highest prices from the preference given to American beef.—*Exchange*.

Our agents have examined the vessel, and conversed with the shipper, and, so far as can be seen, needed preparations have been made for their comfort. But that we may know whether the animals suffer, we have written to the Royal Society in England, to inspect the cattle on arrival, and report results.

*Animal Teaching.*

That animals are often excellent exemplars for man is very apparent, but until we read, in another column, the article "Pretty Polly," by B. P. S., we had not supposed that his well-known amiability was due to a parrot's rebuke. Com-parrot-ively speaking, he is not like that bird, for he is not an imitator. If Polly said, "Stay there," we say, "Stay here," and may he "live long and prosper."

BEQUESTS.—It is pleasant to see that societies kindred to ours are now and then remembered by bequests, as it proves that our work is recognized among those deserving remembrance.

MEMORIAL services were held at Nantucket, July 18, in honor of Hon. David Joy—an ardent friend of our cause, whose death we have heretofore noticed.



*Mr. Angell's Addresses and Lectures.*

As the interest in our subject increases, and extends into districts where little has been heard or read in regard to it, there is a very natural desire to hear a lecture or an address which shall furnish, in a concentrated form, the information that it would require weeks of reading to discover.

To meet this desire, our president, Mr. Angell, has delivered addresses and lectures in various localities, and will be glad to continue to deliver them at any time during the present summer, or in the coming fall and winter. They are adapted to courses of lectures, to conventions of various kinds,—religious, agricultural and educational,—to church services on Sunday, or week days or evenings, and to Sabbath schools; in fact, they can be adapted to any occasion. Mr. A. makes no charge for his services, working for the good of the cause.

To show the character of some of the audiences which he has already addressed, we may name "The American Social Science Association"; legislatures; State Teachers' Associations; State Agricultural College; New England Agricultural Society; New England Women's Club; Young Men's Christian Union; State Normal and Reform Schools; various conventions of clergymen; union meetings of different denominations on Sunday afternoons and evenings; Sunday schools and lyceum audiences. He has lectured and delivered addresses in eight different States; also in Canada and in England.

In order that parties interested may know how his lectures have been received, we venture to copy some of the many notices which have appeared in the papers of this and other States, and in Canada:—

Mr. Angell's lecture (Wolboro') was replete with well-matured thought, enforced by sound argument, founded on well-established facts, and was listened to for an hour and fifteen minutes with unabated interest by an appreciative audience.

A fine audience gathered in the Hall of Representatives (New Haven) last evening to hear the lecture of George T. Angell, President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The address was one of rare interest, and abounded in interesting facts and valuable suggestions.

Mr. Angell's address at the Church of the Unity was of a very interesting character, and the attendance was very large.—*Boston Journal*.

Mr. Angell on Wednesday, delivered a most interesting and instructive address at the Academy of Music (Newport R. I.).

The Right Reverend Metropolitan, at the conclusion, moved a vote of thanks to Mr. Angell, expressing his very high opinion of his lecture, acknowledging that he felt a little ashamed that he had not before joined the Society but would now give it his name and influence.—*Montreal Witness*.

The members of the New England Methodist Conference were deeply interested in listening to Mr. Angell, who detailed the importance of ministers and public educators calling attention to the barbarities so generally practised towards dumb animals.

Mr. Angell has received a special providential calling to speak eloquent and tender words in behalf of the dumb and suffering creation.—*Zion's Herald*.

The lectures by Mr. Angell at Reception Hall (Portland), last evening, proved a very interesting and instructive affair. His descriptions of the considerate treatment of animals in Europe, his remarks upon the diseases of animals arising from cruelty practised upon them while living, and the danger in their use for human food after abuse, were especially valuable.

The lecture in the Town Hall (Bottleboro'), Wednesday evening, by Geo. T. Angell, Esq., called together a good audience, and Mr. Angell at once made it evident that he is an able advocate of a worthy cause. His subject was, "Animals; the relation of those that can speak to those that are dumb." The lecture was full of interest from beginning to end, and the many startling facts which he presented ought not to be passed by unheeded.

The Mayor (Philadelphia) introduced George T. Angell, Esq., President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

After a statement of the circumstances that induced him to take hold of this work, he gave an interesting address on the care of animals in Europe, and the necessity for a higher education of the youth of this country on the subject.

Yesterday afternoon quite a number of clergymen, met in the spacious parlors of Mrs. Appleton's mansion, No. 76 Beacon Street, to listen to an address by George T. Angell, Esq. The object was to secure the cooperation of the clergy in the effort that is being made to awaken an interest in the public mind in the work that is being done by the society. Mr. Angell delivered a very interesting address.—*Boston Post*.

Mr. Angell delivered a most interesting and instructive lecture last night in the Music Hall (Toronto). There was a large and respectable audience of ladies and gentlemen.

The Lord Bishop of Ontario said he rose with great satisfaction to solicit from them an expression of thanks for the very touching manner in which Mr. Angell had advocated the claims of the society. He was sure that it was almost unnecessary to ask that audience for a unanimous expression of their sentiments towards Mr. Angell. He was sure he would receive their hearty thanks in the most cordial manner. (Loud applause.)

Professor Cavan, in seconding the proposition, said that he was quite sure that the society which had been established in Toronto would not be in vain. He thought they all felt deeply touched during the course of the lecture to which they had just listened. It afforded him great pleasure to second the resolution. (Applause.)

Mr. Angell's address at the annual meeting of the American Social Science Association (New York), 1874, should be pondered by all who have the welfare of the human race at heart, or any feelings of compassion for the "lower creation."

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Ashamed of it.*

Before the Society for Protection of Dumb Animals had existence, I saw once an angry driver humbled in a funny way. His horse had a very heavy load to draw, and stopped in Broad Street. The driver, a brutish fellow, belabored the poor animal fearfully, at the same time swearing in a manner to shock every one that heard it, though it didn't move the horse. A crowd collected, and, among them, a grave gentleman in black sat down on a box and waited to see the finale of the affair. At the end of about half an hour's hard swearing and hard beating, a man came along and took hold of the bridle, speaking gently to the beast, which immediately moved on with the load. As he started, the gentleman in black arose and followed the driver. "See here," said he, taking a silver half-dollar from his pocket, "I have been hearing you swear at that horse; now, if you will, for the next half hour, swear it all over again, I'll give you this." The driver looked a moment angrily at him, but then turning his eyes away, he sneaked off as if he was conscious he had done a mean thing.

*A Good Decision.*

One of the graduates of the Wheaton Female Seminary, at Norton, in responding to an invitation to a "reunion," says:—

"I deliberately and fully decided, some time ago, to give everything that I had to give, exclusive of what family charities demanded, to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Animals. Time strengthens this resolution. I wish I had the strength, the health, and control of circumstances that would enable me to give my life to it."

LIFE consists not of a series of illustrious actions or elegant enjoyments; the greater part of our time passes in compliance with necessities, in the performance of daily duties, in the removal of small inconveniences, in the procurement of petty pleasures.

For never anything can be amiss,  
When simpleness and duty tender it.

Look out and keep the wheels of your wagons and carriages well greased; it saves the animals much unnecessary labor.

*CASES INVESTIGATED*

By OFFICE AGENTS IN JULY.

Whole number of complaints, 134; viz.: Overworking, 2; overloading, 1; beating, 9; driving when lame and galled, 32; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 7; driving when diseased, 3; abandoning, 2; torturing, 9; cruelty in transportation, 1; general cruelty, 68.

Remedied without prosecution, 61; not substantiated, 56; not found, 6; under investigation, 6; prosecuted, 5; convicted, 3; pending, 2; warnings issued, 27. Cases pending July 1: disposed of, 1; by conviction, 1.

Animals killed, 17; temporarily taken from work, 21.

*FINES.*

Justices' Courts.—Northampton, \$5; Woburn, \$3; Hanover, \$10.

Police Court.—Fitchburg, \$1.

Municipal Courts.—Boston (2 cases, paid at jail), \$45; Brighton District (11 cases), \$17.

Witness Fees.—\$4.70.

*By COUNTRY AGENTS, SECOND QUARTER, 1875.*

Whole number of complaints, 431; viz.: Beating, 60; overloading, 80; overdriving, 52; working when lame or galled, 72; working when diseased, 30; not providing food or shelter, 37; torturing, 19; abandoning, 20; general cruelty, 51.

Not substantiated, 11; remedied without prosecution, 390; prosecuted, 30; convicted, 24; animals killed, 40; temporarily taken from work, 47.

*RECEIPTS BY THE SOCIETY LAST MONTH.*

[All sums of money received by the Society during the past month appear in this column, with the names, so far as known, of the persons giving or paying the same. If remittances or payments to us or our agents are not acknowledged in this column, parties will please notify the Secretary at once; in which case they will be acknowledged in the next paper. Donors are requested to send names or initials with their donations.]

*MEMBERS AND DONORS.*

A friend, \$5; David W. Cheever, \$5; Helen Hunt, \$5; Henry Day, \$5.

*SUBSCRIBERS, ONE DOLLAR EACH.*

A. L. Cooleage, William Ashby, Mrs. H. D. Bassett, Tyler Pratt, Warren Wright, Benj. Headly, Mrs. William Hilliard, Wm. T. Lewis, Wm. W. Carter, Mrs. Camilla B. Hoyt, Albert Pitts, Louise Norcross, Mrs. James Tolman, Charles F. Wyman, S. R. Spaulding, Sally Wain, Mrs. Cairnes, L. Slack, Sarah Lilly, Minnie Bent, Mrs. A. L. Curtis, Mrs. Henry Stone, C. S. Cushing, Frances L. Burnham, Cornelius Rutherford, B. O. Wilson, Sarah A. Kendrick, Ellen D. Debar, Dr. F. P. Sprague, Mrs. W. F. Parrott, Seth Rich, John Murdock, Miss S. Ropes, Joseph P. Manton, Hiram A. Cutting, Mrs. C. W. Sever, Charles A. Wheelock, Mrs. F. M. Canis, Jeremiah McCarty, B. L. Steaton, F. H. Nelson, G. L. Nelson, William Ingalls, Susie M. Safford, G. W. Rugg.

E. L'Hommedieu, \$2; C. M. Dering, \$2.

*Protect the Pigeons.*

A "Friend of Birds," in the "Meriden (Conn.) Republic," in speaking of pigeon-shoots, says:—

"Did it ever occur to you how brutal such pastime is? In all such exercises, there is not a particle of the finer feelings of the human breast brought into requisition. On the contrary, it is sickening and brutal to contemplate. The 'Recorder' published, some time since, a correspondence, showing up the heathenish custom in its different phases. It should not be tolerated, especially where there is no other motive than shooting-exercise for pastime. There are scientific inventions used, among honorable sportsmen, which answer all practical ends, without inflicting useless torture on the poor, dumb, helpless and harmless birds. Let us do all we can to agitate this subject until this brutal custom is done away with."

THE innocent are gay; the lark is gay  
That dries his feathers saturate with dew  
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams  
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.—*Couper*.

THE "Boston Daily Advertiser" truthfully says: The society (P. C. A.) lays no claim to infallibility. It has sometimes to deal with questions which require boldness and promptness, besides the wisest circumspection and the most trustful patience. While, on the one hand, it must not be indifferent, on the other it can act in such cases, if at all, only upon partial information, and must run counter to somebody's interests. Differences of opinion are almost inevitable. What the public has a right to expect, and all that it can demand, of this and all other associations for the removal of evils, is an intelligent and conscientious fidelity on the part of their officers, not impeccability. The society of which we are speaking has no occasion, we think, to shrink from such a test.

## Children's Department.

*A Chance for Boys and Girls.*

Did it ever occur to you, children, that in any city or town which had water-works, you could induce the people to give money to erect drinking-fountains or troughs for the accommodation of men and animals? We do not recommend such as is represented in the picture, but those more in use now-a-days. The picture is used because we have none of the modern style. Suppose, now, our young readers should start with a subscription paper, and see if they cannot raise enough to pay for a fountain. We know of one small town that had a local fair, and raised enough for an excellent stone trough and fountain. In towns where there are no water-works, you can induce the people to place one by the roadside, where a spring or brook is near by to supply it. Or perhaps some man who has a pump in the yard of his house or barn would place a trough at the side of the road, to be supplied by a spout from the pump. Any child who helps in this will always find pleasure in thinking of it.

The picture expresses *satisfaction* of the man, *kindness* of the larger boy, and *longing* of the dog, and is pleasant to look at and think about. If any children carry out our idea, and will report to us, we shall be glad to publish their names. The fact is, we are anxious that boys and girls who read our paper shall begin to think of the comfort of others, and be willing to sacrifice something to accomplish it, and a drinking-fountain is a perpetual blessing.

*Generosity of a Dog.*

Trip was naturally a good-tempered animal, though when chained up he looked fierce enough sometimes. There was a cat named Tom belonging to the same establishment, who often tried Trip's temper by stealing his food, and by other annoyances. The two, in short, led a thoroughly "cat-and-dog" life, in the proverbial sense of the phrase.

One day Tom was out on a birding expedition, and at the same time Trip was accompanying his master in a stroll about the farm, when, at a hedge corner, a good way off, the dog saw something like mischief going on, and he ran swiftly toward the spot. It was another dog of the neighborhood, remorselessly worrying poor Tom. Trip bravely attacked the dog, and soon forced him to desist and flee; but Tom had been mortally wounded. Trip, however, took up poor puss by the neck, and with his master returned to the house, where he whined for some time in such a piteous manner, as proved that he was actuated by a most magnanimous temper of forgiveness.—*Sunday School Gem.*

## A CHANCE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

*The Coyote.*

BY BRET HARTE.

Blown out of the prairie in twilight and dew,  
Half bold and half timid, yet lazy all through;  
Loath ever to leave, and yet fearful to stay,  
He limps in the clearing, an outcast in gray.

A shade on the stubble, a ghost by the wall,  
Now leaping, now limping, now risking a fall,  
Lop-eared and large-jointed, but ever alway  
A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

Here, Carlo, old fellow, he's one of your kind,  
Go seek him and bring him in out of the wind.  
What! snarling, my Carlo! So—even dogs may  
Deny their own kin in the outcast in gray.

Well, take what you will, though it be on the sly,  
Marauding, or begging, I shall not ask why;  
But will call it a dole, just to keep on his way  
A four-footed friar in orders of gray!

**THE DOG FOR WARM WEATHER.**—A friend, who has a large and sagacious dog, recently told us that "Watch" saw the man leave the usual daily supply of ice at the door, which, not being observed by the servant, lay melting away upon the area boards. "Watch" observed this melting process with concern, until he could bear it no longer, when he commenced pushing the ice to a shaded place, and, having been a short time absent, returned with a piece of old carpet, which he threw over it as he had seen the servant do.—*Ex.*

*Playfulness among the Lower Animals.*

I was walking through Barfreyston, a village near Dover, and saw over the rather high wall of a farm-yard a couple of horses careering about madly. The wall was so high that only their heads could be seen, and occasionally a whisk of their tails. Finding an aperture through which I could look without being seen, I found that the horses were amusing themselves by chasing a pig, hunting it round and round the yard, driving it into corners, and occasionally flinging their heels into the air, as if to express their delight. They scarcely gave that wretched pig any rest. Sometimes, when tired with their exertions, they would lie still for a few minutes, and the pig would get away as far as possible from his tormentors. But no sooner did the poor animal settle down to a cabbage-leaf, than the horses would be at him again, driving him about and putting him in such a state of perturbation by chasing him from different directions that he had not the least idea where to run so as to escape his tormentors.

Many of the lower animals not only show their playfulness in such tricks as those which have been mentioned, but are able to appreciate and take part in the games played by children. When I was a boy I knew a little dog, a King Charles spaniel, which was an accomplished player at the well-known game called "tag" or "touch." The little animal displayed quite as much enthusiasm as any of the human players, and would dart away from the boy who happened to be "touch" with an anxiety that almost appeared to be terror. Of course to touch

the dog was an impossibility; but he was a generous little creature, with a strong sense of justice, and so when he thought that his turn ought to come, he stood still and waited quietly to be touched. His mode of touching his playfellows was always by grasping the end of their trousers in his teeth; and as it was impossible for the boy to stop when so seized in full course, the dog often got jerked along the ground for some distance.

A lady told me lately that when a girl she had a pony which would play hide-and-seek with the children. Hiding was necessarily only a pretence on the part of the pony; but the animal would go to some corner, hide its head, and make believe that it was entirely concealed. . . . One of my correspondents has sent me an account of a favorite cat which was an adept in the game. . . . She was given, when quite a little kitten, to her mistress, who was then a young child, and the two became inseparable companions, joining in their sports, one of which was hide-and-seek.

One of the most curious points in this animal was that, when she became a cat, and had a kitten of her own, she taught her young one the game which she had learned from her mistress, imparting into the game an element which I have over and over again seen in the same game when played by children. The kitten went and hid itself, or rather pretended to hide, and the mother went in search of it. She would pretend not to see the kitten, and pass close to its hiding-place. Then she would spring back, the kitten would jump out at her, and the two would rush about in high glee.



## Books for the Young.

[Extract from a letter by W. C. Swann, of Philadelphia, to Cumberland County (N. J.) Society.]

"I cannot close this letter without impressing upon the officers of your society the importance of providing for the young, and your public schools, books and tracts, teaching the love of God, and the practice of mercy and kindness, to every living thing; to close up the door of the ginhouse and grogshop, by erecting fountains, or troughs, along your public highways, for the weary and thirsty laborer and his half-famished horse and dog. You will then have the satisfaction of knowing that you have done something toward lessening the vice and misery that are increasing around you.

"It is a fact well known to us all that children, from thoughtlessness and neglect of early education, are more or less disposed to acts of cruelty, beginning with the smaller insects, and gradually progressing in the scale until the heart and sensibilities become so dead to all the tender impulses of their nature, that when they approach the age of manhood, they are cruel and neglectful to their family, disregard the appeals of suffering humanity, level a fatal blow at their brother, and end their miserable life upon the scaffold."

## A Noble-Hearted Man.

The following is an authentic anecdote of the Duke of Wellington:—

STRATHFIELDSAYE, July 27, 1837.

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington is happy to inform William Harris that his toad is alive and well."

"An explanation of this singular letter is thus given:

"The Duke of Wellington was one day taking his usual country walk when he heard a cry of distress. He walked to the spot and found a chubby, rosy-faced boy lying on the ground and bending over a tame toad, and crying as if his little heart would break.

"What's the matter, my lad?" said the duke.

"O sir, please, sir, my poor toad! I bring it something to eat every morning. But they are going to send me off ever so far away to school; nobody will bring it anything to eat when I am gone, and I am afraid it will die."

"Never mind, don't cry, lad. I'll see that the toad is well fed, and you shall hear all about it when you are at school."

"The boy thanked the gentleman heartily, dried up his tears, and went home. During the time he was at school he received five letters similar to that one given above, and when he returned for his Christmas holidays the toad was, as the duke said, "alive and well," but in accordance with the usual habits of these animals, he was in his winter's sleep, in which he remained until spring and genial weather brought him from his well-guarded hole in the ground."

## A Knowing Dog.

Mr. Edwin Breed, of Lynn, is the owner of a large Newfoundland dog, named Tige. Last summer Mr. B. went to Nahant, to dig some "great clams," leaving the horse Kate and the dog Tige upon the beach. Kate took a notion to start for home, at a pretty smart gait. Tige "comprehending the situation," started after, and caught her by the reins just back of the bits, and held on till his master came to his aid. This dog sleeps in the front part of the stall with Kate, and allows no stranger to take her from the stable. —Reporter.

Be careful of the good name of others. Allow people to think as well of each other as they can. And it will be healthy for you to live in a state of admiration, and not criticism. Criticism is a worm that is gnawing out the spiritual life of many men. Vanity has been called "a refined selfishness, which is ever exacting homage, but never paying any." Think on whatsoever things in others are lovely and of good report, their praise, and their virtue, and your heart will take its hue from what it loves to feed on.

## [For Our Dumb Animals.]

## Flies Biting Animals.

For some three or four months of the year our horses, mules, oxen, cows, hogs, etc., are liable to be tormented with flies of different kinds,—such as the millionth-fly, the wood-fly, the green-headed fly, the great horse-fly; and, of another family, the bot-fly. This fly, it appears, is not in quest of food when it attacks the horse, but its object appears to be to deposit its egg on the hair of the horse, and, in doing this, it inflicts its sting. Under the throat or jaw seems to be more sensitive than other parts of the horse, and he often becomes unmanageable when this fly attacks that part, which should be protected by a bib hung to the throat-strap and tied at the bits.

These animals in their natural, unrestrained condition, may take care of themselves, but when domesticated it is our duty to protect them from these pests, to the best of our ability. It is shameful that we gear up a horse or mule, and rein them up tightly, and do not provide fly-drivers or use some harmless wash to prevent the flies from biting or worrying them while standing, working or feeding. What a mistake we make in turning our cows out to pasture during the heat of the day, when the flies are ready to bleed them, and, towards evening, when the weather is cooler and they might enjoy it in open field, they are hurried or driven up to the barn-yard to beat off the flies till dark.

Instead of turning them out late in the morning and bringing them up early in the evening, could we not turn them to pasture in the evening and bring them up in the morning, and let them stand or lie in cool, dark stables during the heat of the day? We should surely find our account in this course.

M.

## [For Our Dumb Animals.]

## "Tom," the Parrot.

## A REPLY TO "G."

In an article in the last number of "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," your correspondent "G." makes him or herself very uneasy about the supposed cruel and neglectful treatment of "Tom," the parrot. If he could have seen and known the bird as I did, the pet of the household, more cared for and tenderly nurtured than most children, he would hardly have written that we added "insult to injury" by calling him "a rascally bird."

Indeed, the term "rascally" was "Tom's" own favorite description of himself, an epithet caught from some passer-by, as it was not the style of language customary in his own family circle. "Tom's" cage was very large, and supplied with all the perches he wanted, while from the centre hung a huge ring on which he would swing for hours. A daily bath, if he wished it, freedom from his cage, carefully chosen and prepared food (unlike many poor babies, "Tom" was never left to servants), a bird-doctor's advice and care, all failed to bring back the feathers. If the loss of them was caused by "nervous irritation," he must have been "born so."

One thing "G." can be assured of: that if, in any way, "Tom" thought himself neglected, the house was roused by piercing shrieks till he was attended to. For instance: if left on the piazza one instant after sunset, there would resound through the air a series of screams; then the call, "Jane! Jane! Tommy cold! good-night!"

No; for the sake of "Tom's" master, who would be broken-hearted if an hour of his parrot's life had been unhappy through neglect, let me enter my protest against "G's" misapprehension of my little article in the "Ark."

"Tom" died at a good old age, and lies buried at his mistress's feet in a peaceful, country graveyard. If we could have the belief of the poor Indian who

"... thinks, admitted to that equal sky,  
His faithful dog shall bear him company,"

we might expect to see "Tom" again in an unruffled coat of gray.

H. M. R.

## Stable and Farm.

## Horse Management.

Horses should not be stinted in their feed. Work-horses should be put out to pasture at night, but they should have their usual allowance of other feed. They have some lost flesh to make up. Scrape off the eggs of the bot-fly from their fore-legs and shoulders with a sharp knife, or wash them off with warm water every evening. Three hours rest at noon is not too much for the team while ploughing. The lost time may be made up at morning and night. This arrangement is not a bad one for the driver as well. Give water often, and don't forget the handful of cornmeal stirred into it.

Colts may be taught to eat a little meal or bran, and to be handled freely. Careful attention and the gentlest possible treatment should be given to all young stock at this season.—*Iowa Fine-Stock Gazette*.

## Loss of Weight of Animals in Winter.

Reports from States, by counties, to the Agricultural Department, show that farm animals throughout the country, except in New England, lose weight in winter, at the rate of 5 to 40 per cent., being the result of low feed and lack of shelter and care.

"In Maryland there is a decline, more perceptible in those counties in which poor shelter is the rule; the loss of weight ranges from 5 to 15 per cent. Down the Atlantic coast the rate of loss increases; cause, neglect. In Virginia, while horses almost hold their own, cows and sheep show losses from 10 to 40 per cent.; yet in some cases it is reported that fed animals increase two pounds per day. The depreciation of farm animals grows still more marked in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, the decline of stock-cattle in several counties reaching an average of 50 per cent."

It is legitimate to inquire, Is that loss in weight creditable to the farmers who allow it to take place, and is it profitable? The amount of that loss, say an average of 20 per cent., added to the usual expense of feed and care, would prevent the loss; then the stock would come out in the spring in healthier and stronger condition, and present an appearance more creditable to the owners, and be in condition to thrive more on less feed through the balance of the year, as they would not require such additional feed to bring them up to a normal state.—*D. S. C. in Maryland Farmer*.

[The above is another proof that self-interest and humanity go hand in hand in the care of animals.—Ed.]

A FEW days ago, a gentleman in Concord purchased a black horse, and took him to a livery stable for keeping. The proprietor has a white cat which strays about the stable, but on Monday night nothing was seen of her. On going into the stall of the black horse, Tuesday morning, the cat was found cuddled up on the horse's back, sound asleep. She was taken off, and made persistent efforts to get back again, but was prevented from doing so. The horse became restless, and the cat was permitted to go back again, when she immediately went to sleep and the horse became quiet.—*Portsmouth Chronicle*.

THE much-abused crows are earning the farmers' gratitude in the vicinity of Gardiner, by opening the cocoons of the caterpillars, which have been devastating the apple orchards, and destroying the pupa, saving from destruction a large part of the crop.

BLACKBIRDS, which farmers have generally charged with destroying grain, etc., have made their appearance in great numbers among the army-worms, which are devastating the fields at Middletown and vicinity, and are destroying large numbers of them.

**North Carolina Society.**  
Office at New-Berne.

At the annual meeting on 27th ult. the following officers were elected:—

**President.**—Thomas Powers, in place of Geo. C. Rixford, declined.

**Vice-Presidents.**—John J. Wolfenden, E. H. Meadows, Hon. C. R. Thomas, Geo. E. Pittman, I. E. West, Maj. John Hughes, Samuel Radcliff, Hon. M. E. Manly, Hon. George Green, Hon. L. J. Moore, New-Berne, N. C.; Paleman John, Elizabeth City, N. C.; Col. Geo. W. Charlotte, Beaufort, N. C.; Appleton Oaksmith, Hollywood, N. C.; John F. Wooten, Kinston, N. C.; W. J. Yates, Charlotte, N. C.; James H. Merrimon, Asheville, N. C.; Geo. S. Campbell, Goldsborough, N. C.; Thos. B. Keogh, Greensborough, N. C.; Hon. R. C. Badger, F. A. Busbee, Dr. Eugene Grissom, Raleigh, N. C.; Geo. W. Stanton, Wilson, N. C.; Louis C. Latham, Plymouth, N. C.; Wm. P. Cannady, Maj. J. A. Englehard, Wilmington, N. C.; Gen. Mat. W. Ransom, Weldon, N. C.

**Corresponding Secretary.**—Col. Geo. W. Nason, Jr., New-Berne, N. C.

**Recording Secretary.**—Geo. E. Tinker.

**Treasurer.**—Julius Ash.

**Special Agents.**—Dr. J. L. Watkins, Geo. Allen, Wm. Hollister, E. M. Pavie, James Campbell, O. Hubbs, D. N. Kilburn, W. L. Palmer, Thomas A. Henry, Thomas Stanly, New-Berne, N. C.; John Robinson, Goldsborough, N. C.; W. R. Becton, Kinston, N. C.; John Nichols, Raleigh, N. C.; P. F. Duffy, Greensborough, N. C.; Thos. L. Emry, Weldon, N. C.; Col. W. H. Frazier, Charlotte, N. C.; W. H. Bernard, Wilmington, N. C.

**Finance Committee.**—Daniel E. Christie, R. C. Kehoe, John S. Manix.

**Attorneys.**—M. D. W. Stevenson, C. M. Busbee. The following resolution was unanimously adopted:—

*Resolved*, That the thanks of this society be and are hereby extended to the Massachusetts, San Francisco, London (England), and New York Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for the various circulars, newspapers and documents which have been received during the past year for distribution.

**Cumberland County (N. J.) Society.**

Organized, 1875.

Headquarters at Vineland.

**President.**—T. W. Braidwood.

**Vice-Presidents.**—Seaman R. Fowler, Judge E. Doughty.

**Board of Directors.**—T. W. Braidwood, Seaman R. Fowler, Judge E. Doughty, Major T. W. Walker, S. G. Sylvester, S. S. Gould, D. A. Russell, C. D. Bailey, Dr. T. B. Welch, Wm. Mitchell, George Turnbull, Dr. L. W. Brown, Pierrepont Willson.

**Secretary.**—Major T. W. Walker.

**Treasurer.**—S. G. Sylvester.

**Muscular Force of Insects.**

M. L'Abbe Plessis, in an article in "Les Mondes" on the above subject, says that, by way of experiment, he placed a large horned beetle, weighing some fifty grains, on a smooth plank, and then in a light box, adjusted on the carapace of the insect, added weights up to 2.2 pounds. In spite of the comparatively enormous burden, being 315 times its own weight, the beetle managed to lift it and move it along. A man of ordinary muscular power is fully a hundred times feebler in proportion; and had an elephant such comparative strength it would run away with the Obelisk of Luxor, a load of 5,060,000 pounds. Similarly, the flea, scarcely .03 of an inch in height, manages to leap without difficulty over a barrier fully 500 times its own altitude. For a man, six feet is an unusually high leap; imagine his jumping 3,000 feet in the air—over three-fifths of a mile.

We ought either to be silent, or speak things that are better than silence.

**[For Our Dumb Animals.]**  
**Ignorance no Excuse.**

In years that have passed, some of the cruelties to dumb animals were, without doubt, imposed upon them inadvertently,—some through carelessness and some through ignorance. But since the efforts put forth by the numerous societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, in the way of lecturing, preaching, and the thousands of essays, tracts, etc., to enlighten the people, the laws that have been enacted, and the many prosecutions and convictions, there is but little excuse for the wrongdoer. We are not disposed to attribute acts of cruelty to thoughtlessness or ignorance without the strictest investigation. With fifty-eight organizations in the United States and five in Canada for the prevention of cruelty to animals, surely no one need plead ignorance of the existence of such societies, and it is fair to presume that *few, if any*, within the civilized part of the United States or the Canadas, who use horse, ox or mule, *are* ignorant of it, and must know their liability to arrest if detected in acts of cruelty. And these are not confined to the ox, mule or horse kind; cruelty is cruelty, whether inflicted upon the higher or the lower order of dumb creatures, whether wild or tame, whether a mastadon or a mouse.

Bristol, Pa.

**The Cats and the Tarantula.**

One day I was sitting in a passage between two rooms of an unfinished house upon which the carpenters were at work, carelessly leaning back against the wall reading, while my two cats were lying near me on the rock pavement which formed the floor of the passage. One of them sprang suddenly and gave me a sharp blow upon the side of my knee, which attracted my notice slightly; but as they often did something of the sort to induce me to lay aside my book when they wished me to give them water or play with them, I did not pay particular attention to it, and resumed my reading. Soon one of them leaped three or four feet in the air and struck me on the shoulder, and instantly the other sprang almost as high as my head and knocked a huge tarantula from the collar of my coat, which fell heavily upon the pavement. It immediately "made battle" by facing the cats and raising its two forelegs at them, and threatening them with a display of its fangs. I did not interfere with the fight, knowing that the cats understood well how to conduct it. They quickly separated, and one confronted the enemy while the other placed himself in the rear. When the spider made a furious but ineffectual spring at the one which faced it, the other behind gave it a sharp pat upon the head with his paw, which paralyzed it, and the battle continued till I removed the spider with a pair of tongs.—*Home and School.*

**The Fight in the Farm-Yard.**

"I learned a good lesson when I was a little girl," says a lady. "One frosty morning I was looking out of the window into my father's farm-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses waiting to drink. It was a cold morning. The cattle all stood very still and meek, till one of the cows attempted to turn round. In making the attempt she happened to hit her next neighbor; whereupon the neighbor kicked, and hit another. In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed, and said: "See what comes of kicking when you are hit. Just so I have seen one cross word set a whole family by the ears some frosty morning." "Afterward, if my brothers or myself were a little irritable, she would say, 'Take care, my children. Remember how the fight in the farm-yard began. Never give back a kick for a hit, and you will save yourselves and others a great deal of trouble.'"

In transporting hogs, one animal out of every thousand is estimated to die every hour.

**Cruelty in Italy.**

[Is this true? If true, cannot some of the American residents in Italy take measures to prevent the cruelty?—Ed.]

I must confess that the Italians have so keen an appreciation of fun that they do not always clearly define the limits betwixt that and cruelty. I have been credibly informed by an intelligent Englishman, lately, that a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals was organized in this city (Naples) not many months ago, and Mercy herself well knows that there is no place on earth where such a society would be more apposite, or where the field of its labors would be more prolific. But the praiseworthy efforts of the benevolent individuals who formed this association were thwarted and defeated by the influence of parties in authority, who insisted with might and main that there is no obligation imposed in religion upon a man to be merciful to his beast, and that one has a right to do what he will with his own property! And the common people certainly avail themselves of this license to the fullest extent. They will overload the poor, patient donkeys, and, after that, put themselves upon the load. They will drive an ambitious, overworked horse until he stumbles upon the ground, and then scourge him because he falls! They will ride upon a donkey, far back of the saddle, so that it is very difficult for him to raise his hinder legs at all, and though their pretext for this is that it prevents his kicking and throwing them, there is no pretext whatever of either mercy or decency in their cruelly irritating with a stick a sore upon his back to accelerate his speed.—*Cor. Newton Republican.*

**A Horse College.**

As soon as a colt is born let the kind-hearted owner of his mother appear to him and aid him in his first search for the maternal fluid which is to nourish his young life; let him see every day, and hear, nothing but the kindest notes of the human voice. Have a little halter ready for him, and tie him kindly with it near his dam—release him when necessary—accustom him to the use of it. Let the children handle and caress him day by day, calling him such pet names as their fancy and affection may suggest. This is the way the Arabs break their colts. They educate them. They never need breaking. Thus will it be with ours—educate them as they grow, and there will be no more need of breaking them than there is of calling upon Rarey to break your grown children. The same course should be pursued with steers—begin with them as sucking calves, then they will always be handy, always ready for work, and bring twice as much if you wish to sell them.

You never had my ideas upon a horse college, did you? Well, I have got them. I have some, too, with reference to educating those who handle them. Both should be educated together. If my farm would sell for enough, I would sell it and give the money to endow a horse college and horse drivers' institution, and all the favor I would ask of the State would be that nobody but graduates should handle a horse that graduated from that institution.—*Paul Ketchum in Rural Sun.*

We have to chronicle the death of an old inhabitant of the city. "Saxie," the donkey and friend of the children, departed this life in peace and quietness this week on the farm of his owner, Mr. Anthony Stewart. He had been relieved from active service for a year, and died with the respect and confidence of all who knew him. He was appropriately buried amid the scenes of his retirement, and a headstone will mark his last resting-place.—*Exchange.*

To understand the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.



